

## THE PASSAGE FROM THE WORLD

great humility, for the little solicitude that it seemed to her she had had for their salvation, said some words to a Roman disciple named Lucio, and lastly to Barduccio, and then returned to her prayers. Let Barduccio tell the rest:—

<sup>11</sup> O that you had seen with what reverence and humility she received many times the blessing of her sorrowful mother ; verily, I tell you it was a sweet sorrow. O what a holy thing it was to see that disconsolate mother commend herself to her blessed daughter, and ask and receive her blessing ; verily, they moved our hearts ; and, in particular, the mother besought the daughter to obtain grace for her from God, that she might not offend Him in her great sorrow. All these things did not distract her from her prayers ; but, speaking continuously of God, she prayed on ; and, as she drew near her end, she offered special prayers for Holy Church, for which she repeated that she was giving her life, and prayed for Pope Urban VI, whom she emphatically confessed was true Sovereign Pontiff, exhorting her children to lay down their lives for this truth. Then she prayed with great fervour for all her beloved children whom God had given her to love, using many of those words that our Saviour used, when He prayed to His Father for His disciples, praying so fervently that not only our hearts, but the stones should have broken. Making the sign of the Cross, she blessed us all; and thus she approached her longed-for end, persevering continuously in prayer, and saying : \* Lord, Thou dost summon me to Thyself, and I am coming to Thee, not by my own merits, but solely through Thy mercy, which mercy I crave from Thee in virtue of Thy blood.' And, at the last, she cried out many times : *Sangue, Sangue*. Finally, after the example of our Saviour, she said : ' Father, into Thy hands I commend my soul and my spirit \* ; and thus sweetly, with her face like an Angel's, bowing down her head, she gave up the ghost."<sup>1</sup>

It was about midday, "the sixth hour, that is to say, the culmination of the day," as Dante has it, when Catherine thus

<sup>1</sup> *Lettera cit., di Barduccio di Piero Canigtam a suor Caterina Petrtoni; Leggenda minore*, pp. 163 et seq.; *Leggenda*, III. iv. 6 (§ 365) ; *Efist. Domni Slephani*, § 7.